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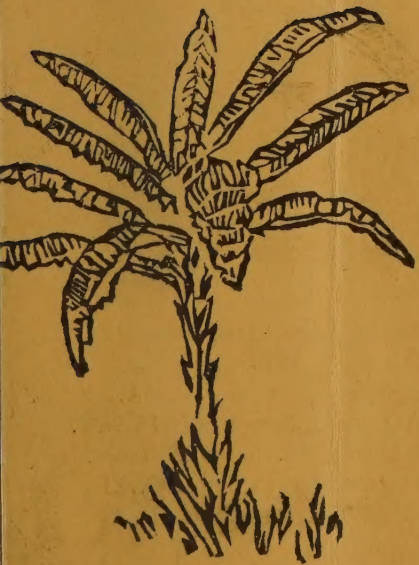

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CONGO CHILDREN

We have just completed a visit to our Vanga church posts and return enriched immeasurably. The experience of meeting our pastors and teachers, learning a bit of the work they are doing, and most of all seeing how some of our people live and how happy they are to greet their missionaries has left an indelible impression on our minds and hearts.

Naturally the thought of each church, each pastor, and each school brings a different picture. When we hear the name "Mobini", we think of over three thousand people crowding around our truck as we draw to a stop. 'Ngunu' conjures the image of a spick and span regional school with over one hundred and fifty clean, shining black faces singing a greeting or five thousand people sitting under the trees praising God with their hymns. 'Kingangu' — and we see the church and the school lying below us as we come down the hill, a quiet scene broken by the lusty voices of the school boys as they hear the sound of our truck.

Yes each name stirs its own memories, but there is one thing which all have in common. At every post, in the front seats at every service, clustered around the truck, peeking in our windows, sitting in our doorways, almost popping out of our chop boxes, everywhere there were children. And to me these children of Congo are the challenge of Congo. As they sit or stand and watch us, it seems that each shining pair of eyes is asking, "Why are you here? What do you have for us? How are you going to help us?" This is the picture we see when we think of itinerating at Vanga.

And in the picture are all kinds of children. There are some with dirty faces, some whose faces are still wet from

their bath, some with clean new clothes, some with pants so ragged you wonder how they keep them on, others with a 'loin-cloth' about three inches square or a string of brightly colored beads, and others with only their brown birthday suits. Some have healthy firm little bodies, others are covered with sores, are sick and undernourished. Many of them are holding babies, some which seem to be only a few days old, others almost as big as their older brothers and sisters. But they are all there, crowding and pushing to sit up front where they can see. I have counted twelve of them on a bench that I was sure would hold only six.

During the service they are just like their brothers and sisters back home attentive at first but sleepy, noisy, or restless as the service continues. They sing as though the life of the hymns depended on their putting as much gusto into it as possible. Most often they are off-key. Our school boys do much better and presented some really beautiful selections for us. The boys at 'Mobini' sang "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" in a way that would be a credit to any boys' choir.

When the service is over, the children are the first to leave, stumbling and falling over the benches and each other. Then they rush to our house to wait for us. They hang on the window sills, Sit on the porch and everywhere possible so that they can see us and what we are doing. Curiosity, yes, but more than mere curiosity. For the children, like all people of Congo, want to learn. They have an insatiable thirst to know — anything, everything. And we missionaries have a tremendous responsibility for we are their teachers. We must instill in their minds and hearts an eagerness to learn to know and follow Jesus Christ, and the good things of life. For we know that He is the only real answer to their longings and their needs. And so the children watch us, trying to see how we act, how we live, trying to learn from our lives.

As we go to the different villages, before we see the houses and the fences we hear the children coming to meet us. Before long we see them, marching with flowers in their hands and songs on their lips. But as we meet the excite-

ment is too much for the little ones. They break ranks and come tumbling at us from all directions calling "Moyo" (Life) and clapping their hands. As we continue into the villages they follow us, lead us, and walk beside us, laughing, singing and shouting. Then there is a sudden rush and we are left with the adults of the village, the more sedate ones, the rest have joined the children in the scramble for seats, and another service begins.

As they sing, and as the pastor or teacher translates our words, my thoughts dwell on these young folks. There are so many of them and our schools are small. Many of them will never know Jesus as a Saviour and Friend. Many of them will never learn to read their Bibles. My heart aches especially for some of the bigger boys in our regional schools. They have had a taste of Christian knowledge, but it can but whet their appetites, for we are limited in the number we can take into our higher schools and preference is given to the smaller boys. My heart aches for the girls in the group. So many of them will never get to school at all. So many will never know Jesus. So many will never know more of life than going to the forest day after day to look for food. But then I realize that a few of them are learning the Christian way of life and in time those few will increase until all the Congo children will someday have the opportunity they need.

As I write this, I recall the picture of one little girl as she tried to teach her baby brother to walk. She held out her hands to him and the child kept following her as she walked away from him. Through us, your missionaries, you are extending your hands to these children of Congo, you are teaching them to walk. And our pledge to you and to them is that we will use what you send us, and with God's help they will learn to walk in the road to Eternal Life.

MARGARET JUMP

"And He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Mark 10:16

E.P.I. — KIMPESE

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN CONGO

An unknown lad of seventeen or thereabouts stands at the door. "Kiambote, Mama." — "Kiambote. Where did you come from?" — "Sona Bata." — "What for?" — "For you to teach me music. Tata Metzger sent me down and I am to go back Saturday (This was Thursday 2 p.m.). I have a letter."

Letter: "When Lulendo went to Kimpese we lost a music teacher. Nlaba Marc is a fine boy of last year's graduating class who is to fill the bill. He had a little time with Lulendo but it is one thing to learn theory and another to be actually faced with the responsibility of teaching music to 215 boys and 9 girls. He is full of questions. I have answered all I can and am sending him to you for the rest."

Immediately—"What do you want to know?"-"It's difficult for me to tell what the key is in the bass clef." Missionary to self with a sigh: "If it is this sort of thing—45 hours with time out for sleep;" But Nlaba caught the Saturday train hopefully, thinking that all the different ones who had taken turns helping him had made him now proficient in this subject. We need more lads with his willingness.

So E.P.I. serves; we have the ideal that in many other ways this institution shall grow to live not as unto itself, interested in maintaining a position, but to become a true servant of the cooperating and other missions, and eventually, and more intimately, the Congo Church.

We should continue to be host to conferences as the one on the church and school which was followed by that for the consideration of work among women; and committees, such as the new joint Kikongo Hymnal gathering recently for its third session at E.P.I. There were native members on the last committee. Future conferences should see the folly of discussing native home life and marriage problems without availing ourselves of the ripe wisdom of our better church leaders.

We should repeat as occasion demands the refresher courses such as the one held last dry season. We should strengthen our resolution to carry extension work to a whole in future vacation periods.

After a few weeks trial the new arrangement of courses bids fair to be happy for all concerned.

Christmas may see us with the first contingent of unmarried women students, candidates for "monitrices."

We must decide now — shall next term see the beginning of the Bible School, also? an eight months' course for worthy church servants where French and Arithmetic do not count.

We must develop our little alumni paper. We must work out already projected correspondence courses. We must make E.P.I. and its ideals better known throughout all of Congo with a brochure, and publicity through channels now available.

From among native leaders who cannot really be spared by stations and missions we must add to our teaching staff, releasing the Europeans for more text book and literature work.

We must undergo any necessary mental regeneration which inhibits our finding and encouraging more contributions that the native staff can make — be it planning or carrying into effect.

A servant is quick to imitate his master and is anxious to serve him and provide for all his needs. A servant will even go ahead of his master in vision and common sense as the one of Naaman's who called his master to his senses with "If it had been something hard you would have been glad to comply, but since he has asked you to do something easy you will refuse and lose the benefits."

But a servant will never be behind his master and prevent him from doing what he has come to see must be done. E.P.I. may lose its life but may regain its influence.

ELMER HALL

FACING HOMEWARD

Perhaps more impressions of Congo are written at beginning of a first term than of the feelings of those who look back over the years when that term is closing. Little did we realise that six years would elapse before we would turn our faces towards Scotland again nor did we imagine that such a combination of joy and sorrow would be our lot in Congo.

The years have been full of interest – all seemed strange at the beginning—faces, language, conditions of life and work. One had to tread very slowly and carefully in such new circumstances – learning much by trial and error. Joy increased from day to day as language changed from a mere jabber of words to that which held meaning and could reveal the nature of people and things around.

The feeling of strangeness left as the months passed—people having watched from a distance, as it were, for a little while, gradually came nearer to us, no longer fearful of the new missionaries and their ways but confident of the help they would get medically. They would begin to come quite eagerly for personal spiritual help. Any barriers which may have been there at the beginning slipped quickly away and our interests and lives became intertwined. If such a long first term is a menace to one's health, it has the advantage of digging one's roots deeply into the work so that it becomes a very vital part of one's life and the people accept one as belonging to them.

The facts that midwifery still needed to be established and the necessity for care of patients in Hospital made clear to the women, led to many personal contacts and invitations and talks with the women urging them to come to us in their time of need. Very slowly the work grew until it is now very satisfactory considering the low birth rate; the ante-natal clinic, which was non-existant, is a thing known over a wide area and is well attended. Faces that were unknown began to take on a new meaning, people became friends, one knew their lives, their story and their

Christianity or lack of it., and endless opportunity for personal work was afforded. The work at the Infant Welfare Clinic weekly again gave us contacts with the women.

For the greater part of the term it has been my joy to have charge of the women's work in the Church. One found that here as at home, personal work and interest counted greatly. I quickly saw that it was no good attending meetings and rushing off home again. The women responded in a wonderful way to any personal effort. There is much that a missionary's wife can do in Congo even in her first term and having had 2 children one finds visiting is much easier when one is pushing a pram and pausing here and there on the path or at the houses to greet the women or to question them about their non-attendance at the weekly service or showing them that their presence was noted. The people quickly respond to love and become bound to one by very strong ties. Calling small groups for prayer was a great blessing not only to them but also to myself and I am sure that had much to do with the new life and power as well as attendance at the Women's Meeting. The women got to know that they were expected as Christians to attend the service and give their support and that their absence would be quickly noted.

I said that having the Hospital and Church work amongst the women was an ideal combination.. One could urge folks at Hospital to give their support to the Church and at the meetings it was easy to put in a word personally with those in need of Hospital care. The evangelstic work at the Hospital has found a big place in one's heart, with bed to bed visitation relating Bible stories and putting a challenge to practically every patient in the wards. At times a quiet worship service in each ward in the lamplight with a definite challenge to serve Christ or a more special service with gramophone music and the mention of the source of all Christian joy to a crowded Hospital Chapel — finished the day's toil.

So one faces homewards, joyously anticipating meeting one's families and friends, but with some sadness too, because

we must leave the folks we have come to call friends and with whom we have worked during the past years. Conscious of many failings, we are grateful that God has seen fit to bless the work with the knowledge that some souls have come to know the Christ. For the ties that bind us to the Congolese we praise God, — one is the little grave on the edge of the forest and another the happy bundle of babyhood in our arms as we travel home. So in having stood together in sorrow and in joy, we have a strong link of prayer and love binding us to these Congo folk.

RUTH F. RUSSELL

MY CONGO ANGELS

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them....

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

The coming of the Christmas angels is ever a miracle of joy and happiness. Just the sight of them brings visions before my eyes. Their singing is always symbolical of the singing in the hearts of all people at Christmas time. Then, discouragement and hopelessness are banished.

But this year the angels of Leopoldville-Ouest opened the gates of heaven to me. It is hard to explain exactly why. I know they were my own girls of the second year class. We all worked hard together to learn the angel song The robes were too big and had to be adjusted. The tinsel hurt their foreheads. The sun seemed unusually hot on their bare heads. Their knees wobbled from sheer fright. Because of the noise many up back could barely hear their song. Some couldn' t even see them. And yet, for those few moments they were God' s own messengers to us, to their own people and to all people.

There they stood, those handsome brownskinned bright eyed angels of mine and sang, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." With their non-Christian background, in the wicked city of Leopoldville, they sang of the love of God for all men and

of the hope for the world in His coming to live first as a child and then as a man among us.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."

I saw those angels of mine in homes of their own, training up a new generation of angels, angels who in turn would live anew the angel song of hope and love. I saw them walking side by side with their Christian husbands, making of their homes Christian homes. I saw them as Christian friends visiting with the sick and the tired and the lonely. I saw them working in our Congo schools and hospitals, seeking to live their angelic message. I saw their Christian influence spread to cover their city and their country, and the whole world.

All in a flash this vision was spread before my eyes. It has not gone yet. Its glory and its hope are still with me. I had to push all of this into the background of my mind and go on with the work of the pageant. I managed to set the stage for Mary and Joseph, and give Gabriel his rose at the appropriate time, but I moved in a happy daze; and when the pageant was over I rushed to the classroom set aside as the dressing room of the girls. I had to look at my angels once again. There they were, real flesh and blood, the stuff of which my dream is made. That very flesh and blood gave substance to all my hopes.

They all crowded around me. "Mama, they say we didn't sing well." Who are 'they'? Some of the other girls. They didn't sing well? Perhaps they didn't, but no one can ever convince me of that. I took as many of them as I could within the circle of my arms and assured them that they sang as only angels could sing. That was enough. Off they rushed. Mama had said that they had sung well, and Mama knew!

I watched them go with tears in my eyes. There they were, rushing pell mell into the gigantic work of being angels in their daily living. I hope they never understand how big their work is. Its very size would discourage them. I hope that they never hear others whisper that they are only girls and women, and that this is a man's world, and a

man's work. I hope they never catch the disease of discouragement and tiredness and hopelessness from which so many Christians suffer. They will need all the confidence and hope and faith there is in the world!

How can I express in words what I hope for them? theirs will be a hard task. The place of women anywhere in the world is not what it should be. Here in Africa it is a very restricted place. They have their traditional work and their traditional burdens. And these go on forever without any changes or alterations. The ideal of Christian womanhood with its privileges and responsibilities is still very new to them. They do not yet understand many of its implications Few of their own people believe them, their mothers and sisters and daughters' capable of attaining such an ideal. Even fewer of the men are willing to help them. The women themselves are usually convinced of their own inferiority.

It is into such a situation that my angels are rushing. I could not stop them if I would, for our Christian Church here in Congo stands in back of them, urging them on. It is my work to stand in back of them, to train them, to help them adjust their thoughts as I did their pageant costumes, to comfort them and reenforce their supplies of courage in times of criticism and even failure, and then to watch them with tears in my eyes as they rush headlong into a work which even members of the Christian church call impossible.

I would like to be in the front lines with them, but I am a foreigner here. I have a little influence, yes. And if I live as I should among these people my influence will increase. But I shall always be a foreigner with different habits and a different skin. It is my native angels who must stand in the front lines and work and build. It is their enthusiasm and Christian love and steadfastness which will count here.

My angels will come back from their January vacation the fourth of February. I shall have to remind them again and again of the importance of keeping clean. At times I must be stern to help them learn self control. At other times I shall need to be the mother who wipes away tears. We must study arithmetic and French, geography and Bible. Again

we shall enter into the same old routine of school and classes.

But it will never be quite the same. They are angels. The training of any human being is important, but the training of angel messengers is the work of God himself. It is God's daily presence which assures us of our ultimate success. It will be under his guidance that we shall enter his Kingdom, the new heaven and the new earth of my ever present dream.

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CONGO

When one is overwhelmed by the newness and strangeness of a country other than one 's own it is not an easy matter to record one' s "first impressions" and get across what one would wish. Yet I am glad of this opportunity of setting down a few thoughts here and in doing so pray that all who read may be richly blessed in their own spheres of service.

Just over 6 months ago I arrived here at Tondo. If you could be present with me at the service held here each Tuesday morning in the Hospital Out-Patient Hall, prior to the giving of sleeping-sickness injections to anything up to 200 people, you would gain some idea of the types of people amongst whom we work and sense something of their need, their desperate need of heart, mind and body. Their build and features and varying characteristics tell us that they come from different tribes and widely separated villages. Their dress — or lack of it — also tells a tale: some are the proud possessors of a few European clothes, some of the women wear a sort of tunic and skirt: many others, men and wonen, are clothed only in the black skin which nature gave them, plus a loin cloth or skirt.

A pigmy people are on the compound receiving various treatment— their poverty is extreme—a big percentage of the children are diseased and emaciated. These people are most primitive and are despised and worried by other more advanced tribes.

These are some of Congo's peoples amongst whom we

are working, while we see in each man, woman and child, one whom Christ died to redeem.

Many undertake a 2 or 3 week's journey to reach us and so, as they come in all their need—and full of hope, we determine with God's help to meet that need. Yet sometimes it seems almost impossible to cope with the numbers at the daily clinics.

When I think of the Hospitals at home, many of them the last word in ward equipment, theatre equipment and commanding big supplies of the latest and best drugs, I long that we might have more with which to help these people here. At present we offer the best we have and it is truly amazing to me, a new-comer, to see what is being accomplished: over 3000 NEW outpatients since January 1945 and operation numbers rising steadily for both major and minor conditions to over 350.

May the very existence of the deep need in the midst of all our Mission Stations make us more and more aware of our own need of abiding at all times in Him with whom nothing is impossible.

FLORENCE P.M. RUSSELL

BURMA TO CONGO

It is fine to be at last at Kikongo after a whole year of flashes of hope and periods of patience. I volunteered to come to Africa because at the time Burma, my former Mission Field, was still occupied by the Japanese and I never feel that I am using for God what abilities I have, in the fullest way, unless I am a foreign missionary. When I left the States a few were getting back into Burma but as it would be a long time till all the waiting missionaries could do so, Miss Shank assured me that I was still most needed in Congo, especially as I knew enough French to get around. After all it is not the race or the country that one loves but the individual people who need God.

I began to prepare to come to Congo in January 1945, and was complete with passport and visas by June. Then I was on

48-hour notice and went back to work at the Phillips House, one of the hospitals in Boston, until I should go. I had just been on a week's holiday at the shore with Ellen Peterson when I was informed on entering Hasseltine House where I was living in Newton Centre, that there was a telephone call from New York. At 4:30 on the 8th of October I learned that I was booked on a boat sailing from Philadelphia on the 12th and had to be in New York by the 10th. I had to break it to Ellen Peterson that I was sailing alone, but she took it like a soldier. With her aid and that of my sister who rushed over from Leominster and the combined efforts of Hasseltine House I got 13 pieces of baggage large and small off on the train by three o'clock the next day. In that time I had also bought my ticket for Philadelphia and said good-bye to my friends at the hospital and made countless telephone calls. I left home early Wednesday morning, but did not leave Philadelphia till the 17th, on the Tonghai a beautiful Swedish boat with twelve passengers and a cargo of wheat for Lisbon. After a very happy trip we reached Lisbon on the 27th. Although I was, in a way, sorry to have so short a time in beautiful Lisbon I was very fortunate to get passage on a ship for Matadi sailing on the 31st of October. After about five weeks delivering wine and mineral water at Cape Verde, San Tome and Pointe Noire having spent a week in Oporto loading up, the Huambo reached Ango-Ango just below Matadi on the Congo river on the 4th of December. The river was very high and swift and our old steam engine could not drive the ship past the great whirlpool below Matadi.

For the most of the time we had about twenty passengers on our ship, eight of them Belgians, and the rest except me, Portuguese. We enjoyed ourselves visiting daily the numerous beasts, donkeys, cows, goats, turkeys, ducks, chickens and puppies. We climbed the masts, fished at the ports, taught each other songs, sat on the rocks at Pointe Noire sprayed by the heavy surf, climbed a mountain at Cape Verde, and had a good time generally. I worshipped at the Baptist church in Oporto, and at the Swedish mis-

sion at Pointe Noire, with the Skogerts who entertained me kindly and wired to the Ohrnemans at Matadi that I was coming. I was the only Protestant that most of the passengers had known. No one except the Captain spoke much English; so I had to pull out my creaky French and was very glad to be compelled to use nothing else for five weeks. The Belgians were very kind to this one American and when we talked in the evening on deck they asked me why English-speaking people went to be missionaries in a French-speaking colony instead of working only in English colonies. I said that we Protestants thought that everyone everywhere should have a chance to hear of the Protestant form of Christianity and there were very few Protestant missionaries from France or Belgium. Then they wanted to know why I thought our belief was important enough to come to Congo with it, and what was it any way. So I had a fine opportunity to explain our position and help those who were wondering about their personal religion.

I was thrilled with the beauty of the rushing narrow winding Congo as we came up toward Matadi. It was very deep but thinking of the great length and width of the river back country I was amazed that it was so narrow and swift. We went up to Matadi on a little train and I spent a happy night at the Ohrnemans, on a hill above the river and went on to Leopoldville the next morning. The train ride was very beautiful, from seven in the morning to six that night following streams and then passing wide open rolling country as high as 1500 feet on the railway. It reminded me of the train trip from Maymyo to Lashio in Burma only it was hotter. My first view of our own missionaries was at Kimpese where the Halls and Mrs. Erickson came to the train, glad to see me but demanding, "Where are the nine?", expecting Bobby and the Smiths, Tuttles and the rest of our group. I had to apologetically explain my aloneness and tell all I knew of the future plans of the rest. The Sona Bata people had not heard I was passing through but sent a welcoming card later. I was advised to visit nowhere as my boat for

Banningville was leaving on Saturday and this was Wednesday. I felt as if I had really arrived when met by the Watkins and Phyllis Benner at Leopoldville. There were two days for buying a ticket, seeing my baggage on board the Luxembourg, a visit to some Belgian friends from the boat, a hike up to the cataract below Stanley Pool, a visit to our very interesting school in Leopoldville, and to the bookstore, and dinner with the Carpenters.

I finally drew a long breath when again on the boat on Saturday morning. The sunsets and rocks on the Congo above Leopoldville I thought very lovely, and I found the Kasai rather low and dull. I have not yet seen a crocodile or a hippo, though I have seen antelopes, wild cats, hedgehog-like creatures and many beautiful birds. I am surprised to see how little forest there is in this part of Congo, mostly long grass and rolling hills. Between the groups of villages there are wide stretches of uninhabited country, plenty of room for crowded peoples of other parts of the world and not so hot as Burma in its hot season in the delta. At Banningville one half hour after I had arrived, wondering how at the same time to watch my baggage and go and find a place to stay for the night, the Armstrongs arrived in in their car and I fell on their necks. They had that morning received a telegram brought by the little Wamba boat that I was arriving the day before, and they flew on the four wheels of their car to Banningville as fast as possible.

I have not really settled well at Kikongo yet but have had a liberal education in my visits to other places with the Mission Secretary and consort; an inspiring trip to the beautiful Bayaka country with conferences with leaders and new converts, meetings and baptisms and communion, and the same sort of meetings at Kikongo just before Christmas. Then we went to Vanga arriving Christmas eve, an all day trip over highland and plateau, and I got to know the grand people there and their fine work. We are just returning via Bendela on the Kasai where there was mission business, now I hope to get in some work at the hospital and language study which I have only taken a flying view of

so far. I do not feel as if I were in new work, but as if I were in another part of Burma with a new language and a new tribe, but the same sort of Missionary friends, and native leaders and the same needs for Christ. I hope soon to have melted gracefully into the mission family of Congo which has welcomed me so kindly.

GERTRUDE ANDERSON

MY FIRST AIR VOYAGE

The natural thing is for one to be very thrilled and excited over going up in a plane for the first time in his life to travel 8,000 miles, but I must confess considerable apprehension on my part, compelling the offering of sincere prayers for a flight devoid of accidents, especially over the middle of the great Atlantic ocean. The Lord heard and answered my pleadings providing a safe arrival in Leopoldville three and one-half weeks after leaving La Guardia Airport in New York City. For this, and the privilege of being back in His active service again, I am most grateful to Him.

After bidding Jeannette, the children, the Geils and the Browns farewell at Granville, Ohio, on the Friday afternoon of October 13, the picture moved rapidly until hitting Africa where nothing seems in a hurry. Saturday was spent dispatching certain formalities in New York preparatory to our departure at 5:20 P.M.

Boarding the Douglas C 54 four-engine-plane we found ourselves in a large freight compartment about 10x40 feet and eight feet high with only one-fourth of the floor occupied by boxes and other items securely roped in place. Along one side three canvas benches had been unfolded for the three passengers, two men going to Arabia for the American Armenian Oil Company and myself. Padded with a soft comforter or two these benches were comfortable enough to lie or sit on but there was no back rest except the sides of the plane with its ribs and gadgets. Between us and the cockpit was a compartment containing large tanks of reserve gasoline.

This air service is maintained by the Air Transport

Command with the U.S. government furnishing the planes and part of the crews and the commercial air lines supplying the remainder of the crews, especially those flying across the Atlantic. In addition to the crew there is an Air Force flight clerk responsible for the reception, oversight and discharge of passengers and freight. When the first of these informed us that he had flown across the Atlantic 82 times without a mishap my fears considerably allayed.

After strapping ourselves onto the benches the crew warmed up the engines and we were soon speeding down the air strip. As the plane gained momentum the riding became rather rough like hitting a dirt road in a car at 50 miles and hour. Suddenly the jumping stopped as the wheels of the plane left the ground. From then on we were aware of only two things—a constant fairly coarse vibration and a noise produced by the combined roaring of the four 1450 horse power motors and swishing of air past the little cracks in the plane's sides, as it sped along at between 200 and 260 miles an hour. The vibration and noise eventually became monotonous and annoying.

It took us fifteen minutes to reach the altitutude of 7,000 feet at which we cruised most of the time. To do so we gradually circled over the city of New York the buildings of which kept growing smaller until the monstrous sky-scrapers had shrunk into tiny play houses. At 6:30 we found ourselves over Boston with the street lights appearing as chains of little yellow beads in the darkness. An hour later we skimmed over what was probably Portland, Maine, as we skirted the New England coast on our way to Stephenville located on the west coast of Newfoundland.

Soon after leaving New York the flight clerk informed us that after taking into consideration various factors, such as tail wind, the navigator had calculated that it would take 5:07 hours to reach Stephenville 930 miles away. Very amazingly to me it took us exactly 5:04 hours.

Arriving at Stephenville at 12;24 A.M. we were taken by bus to the mess hall where breakfast was being served. While we hurriedly ate, the crew was changed, the plane

refueled and after 1:09 hours we were again on our way out over the dark, inky Atlantic toward the Azores 1884 miles away. Psalms 136:4-9 came to mind several times as I meditated upon the marvels of God and His creation but I could not help being also awed by the wonderful things man is able to do through the help of this same creator. How in the world were we going to find the little island of Santa Marie shrouded in darkness so far away? But we did at 12:43 P.M. Sunday in bright sunlight, we were all relieved to get our feet back on solid ground, especially as I had begun to feel woozy or airsick enough to cause me considerable difficulty keeping my dinner on my stomach.

After 1.42 hours for dinner, changing of crew and refueling we were off for Casablanca, 1018 miles away on the continent of Africa. In about one-half hour we were instructed to put on our belts as we were running into a storm. The crew took the plane to a much lower altitude in order to go under the worst of it. Even then the plane kept jumping up and down as we passed through one cloud after another. To look out and see the tremendous wings of the plane flopping gently gave one a certain sense of insecurity. My woozy feeling returned and it proved rather difficult keeping my dinner where it would do me any good. In thirty minutes we had left the storm behind and were again quietly swimming along.

At this point (I was thankful he had not done so sooner) one of the crew came back and told how, several months previously, another C 54 had been turned completely over twice in a storm, breaking an arm and a leg of a navigator just climbing into his bunk. Fortunately none of the passengers were hurt but upon landing it was discovered that both wings of the plane had been partially torn away from the fuslage making it necessary to abandon a practically new plane as a complete loss.

Travel by air eventually becomes very tiring with only the tops of clouds as scenery. These often have the appearance of soft, white fleecy wool piled up in windrows or low rolling hills. Sometimes formations appear resembling

high mountain peaks. Occasionally a bouncing movement is felt as the plane passes through a cloud which resembles driving though a fog.

After another 5:10 hours in the air we landed at Casablanca at 8:35 P.M. having crossed the Atlantic in 22:15 hours (19:24 hours flying time). Following supper we were driven to a French hotel under the management of the ATC. Good wholesome, nutritious meals were furnished at an Army mess hall in another nearby hotel at $.30 each.

Casablanca is a city of contrasts where one can walk down streets lined with great mansions while being constantly approached by emaciated, sickly-looking native beggars pleading for a franc worth 2 cents. At night these beggars will sometimes gang up on a lone foreigner and rob him of everything including his clothes. Two American soldiers were actually killed by these African bandits. One is amazed at the different modes of transportation in use, beginning with two wheeled horse drawn carts and ending with the finest of automobiles. Public transportation is fuurnished by one and two-horse hacks, also fairly modern busses.

There was not much opportunity to go sight-seeing as one never knew when his name was going to appear on a flight list, often with very little time to get to the airport. If one missed his place he was classified as having "no show" and had to beg to be put on to the bottom of the backlog (list) of passengers going in his particular direction. Literally thousands of westbound troops were waiting to return home from their theaters of action. Unfortunately there was enough of a southbound backlog to necessitate my waiting 5½ days.

At 5:35 Saturday morning we left Casablanca in a Douglas C 47 two-engine plane with 13 passengers and considerable freight. Because of 5 stops, to leave and pick up passengers and freight, the Air Force has dubbed this the "milk run". The stops were made at the following points:

Marrakech, Morocco, on a flat plane with snow capped

mountains 14,000 feet high in the distance reflecting the light of the rising sun in a beautiful purplish hue.

Agadir, Morocco, a lonely, desolate place nestled among low mountains.

Cabo Juby, Rio de Oro, a patch of soft sand on the coast surrounded by high barren sand hills.

Villa Cisneros, Rio de Oro, on the tip of a tiny peninsula of yellow sand and clay.

Port Etienne, French West Africa, very similar to the previous airport but with a French fort in the distance.

Soon after boarding the plane the name of God caught my eye, written on a bulletin board, as the co-pilot of the plane. Whether it had been done seriously or facetiously could not be determined, but at least it was a splendid inspiration. It might have been improved upon by putting God down as the pilot. It was a pleasant surprise to see both pilots in chapel the next morning and one of them again in the evening. The latter was a Southern Baptist who had attended First Baptist church in Minneapolis while training at the University of Minnesota.

They say that the work of a pilot becomes very boresome since, except when taking off, landing and passing through storms, the course and altitude of the plane is maintained by "George", the automatic pilot, leaving nothing for the pilots to do except to read or pass the time in some other way.

From Casablanca to Agadir we flew over land which was either flat or mountainous with little vegetation and an occasional isolated village of mud huts surrounded by a mud wall. (Somtimes the individual yards were walled.) From Agadir to Port Etienne we tended to follow the coastline. Whenever we caught a glimpse of the shore it was only to see desert sand piled up into high banks or sand dunes by the wind, without any evidence of life except for a few tiny bleak, walled villages. Between Port Etienne and Dakar our course was over the ocean but as we approached Dakar a smattering of vegetation began to appear. Dakar was reached at 6:40 P.M. having been in the air 10:11 hours covering

over 1500 miles.

Dakar is a town of 100,000 population located on a peninsula on the most westerly point of Africa. About two-thirds of the people are Mohammedans with their long, flowing dress, usually white but sometimes of bright colors. The people are much better nourished than at Casablanca with comparatively few beggars. It is a pity that there is no Protestant testimony amongst such a large native population for the French Protestant church serves only the French people.

The terrain is very much like that of Matadi with many large stones jutting out of clay hillsides sparsely covered with coarse grass. About three years ago an American air base was established there, consisting of well over a hundred buildings, mostly wooden barracks, some of which are very large. Most of the eighth and tenth air forces have flown through there on their way home from England and Italy. During the summer there was a staff of 2,500 with 10,000 air men passing through monthly. Only a few planes remain to go home that way and soon the staff will be reduced to 85 to service an occasional plane flying up and down the coast.

There is a very nice little chapel on the base with a resident chaplain. A Southern Baptist was replaced by a Northern Baptist during my stay. Most of the boys were so concerned about getting home to their loved ones and friends that they neglected their spiritual welfare. The comparatively few genuinely Christian lads who attended Sunday Chapel service morning and evening were like a refreshing oasis in the midst of a great barren spiritual desert.

Unfortunately for me only two ATC planes flew to Johannesburg through Leopoldville on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. With five Tuesdays in October and my arrival there five days after the third one it fell to my lot to "sweat it out", as the Air Force boys say, for sixteen days.

On November 6 the trip was made from Dakar to

Accra, stopping at Robert'a Field, near Monrovia in Liberia, for lunch. Flying above and through clouds most of the way before noon made it impossible to note the appearance of the country. During the afternoon we saw nothing but dense tropical jungle with only a very occasional village nestled amongst the trees. Leaving Accra, where we have an even larger air base than at Dakar and of which we were able to see little due to our late arrival and early departure, we struck across the ocean toward Libreville where the crew hoped to refuel. After being informed that no gasoline was available the nose of the plane was directed southward toward Point Noire which is on the coast of French Equatorial Africa almost straight west of Leopoldville. Following the coast line for several hours we tired of seeiug nothing but ocean on one side and tropical jungle on the other studded with many large lakes separated from the ocean by what seemed to be enormous sand bars. Not far from Pointe Noire animal life manifested itself in the form of hippopotomi, elephants, and antilopes, which made me feel as though I were nearing home.

The country from Pointe Noire to Leopoldville had a natural appearance being very hilly presenting valleys lined with forest growth and hills covered with tall grass. What a thrill it gave me to point out to the passengers and crew the Congo River, which forms the northwest border of our Sona Bata field, and its branch the Inkisi River, which forms the southwest border. The thrill turned into excitement a few minutes later as Stanley Pool and Leopoldville came into view with numerous familiar landmarks. At 5 P.M. on November 7th my first air trip came to an end as the plane landed on the large cement landing strip at Leopoldville.

Thus ends my story with praise and thanksgiving to God for a safe journey, especially in view of the fact that the plane which left Dakar a month later was lost in the jungles.

In spite of a tremendous task, demanding many times more human strength than that available, numerous discouraging factors beyond our immediate control and an inher-

ent slowness on the part of man to respond to the deeper and richer truths of the Gospel, it is great to be back in active service for the Lord.

Note: Since Jeannette and the children have just travelled over much of the same route by air from Lisbon to Leopoldville, they share many of the above observatons with me.

GLEN W. TUTTLE

STATION NEWS

THE LEOPOLDVILLE-OUEST CHRISTMAS CALENDAR—

December 23—

8:30 A.M. —Joint Lingala-Kikongo service. Several classes of the school sang special Christmas songs. The preacher of the day spoke first in Lingala and then in Kikongo. The church was especially decorated for the occasion.

4:30 P.M. —The Christmas pageant. As usual this was an outdoor service. The congregation sat in the open class rooms and on benches set up on the grass. This year they sat in two groups facing each other across a wide aisle, and watched the action of the pageant spread before their eyes, first to their left near the carpenter shop and then to their right on the platform of the church. The pageant was written and produced by the teachers and pupils of the Leopoldville-Ouest Primary School, and set forth the traditional story of the shepherds and the manger scene in Bethlehem.

December 24--

9:00 A.M. After a hard rain, which we did not want (contrary to our usual custom, for rain is very welcome if it is hard enough to mean no school!), all the Christmas gifts were bundled into the mission car and we went out to school to distribute them. In spite of the rain many of the students had assembled. The others came quickly when the bell was rung. Then each class, in turn, sang a Christmas song which they had learned especially for the occasion, and received their gifts. They were not as much as we would like to have given, but our storehouse was almost empty and what we did give represented long hours of hard work. Each student received something, ranging all the way from pencils for some of the boys to dresses for all the girls.

7:30 P.M. and on into Christmas morning the school choir sang Christmas carols to the white residents of Leopoldville-Ouest and later on to their own people. They were well received by everyone and we all rejoiced at the revival of this yearly custom. They tried to surprise us here at the mission. We could hear their very vocal "sh's", and smiled to ourselves. However, we did not disillusion them and it was only when they had begun to sing that we turned on all the lights. They came in, in very orderly fashion, and stood amazed at the beauty of our lighted tree. Even after they had left we could follow their course with our ears. Christmas is truly a time of singing.

December 26 —

4:00 P.M. The good conduct students of the year 1945 met at mission to play games and to have tea with us. We were a small select group

and enjoyed ourselves immensely in such games as the sack race and potato relay.

December 27 —

4:00 P.M. This was the time scheduled for the party for the teachers and their wives and the deacons of the church. The beans were already in soaking, the meat ordered and the bread expected any minute when it was decided that we could not possibly cope with such a large party. Charlotte Watkins was in bed with a bad cold and high temperature; and the rest of us all sported such things as sore throats and headaches. We decided flu or the grippe or something was upon us, and sent the food and presents out to the native city. We were sorry to miss the party, and we hear from all sides that they had a wonderful time.

December 31 —

10:30 P.M. Watchnight service at the Military Camp. At the request of the native soldiers Harry Watkins planned a watchnight service at the camp. Until recently women were not allowed in the camp, and now only a few of them are permitted to visit with the women there. I am one of the few possessing such permission, and so I asked permission of Harry to go along and look the camp over. We then decided that we would carry the little portable organ out, and I would play for the singing. It was well that we made such plans, for Harry's voice was practically non-existent when the time for the service arrived. He wrote the hymn numbers on the black board and I played. They certainly used me and the organ! We sang and sang. In fact, we would be still singing now if 1946 hadn't interrupted us by its arrival.

The new year of 1946 finds us here at Leopoldville-Ouest making many plans for the continuance of our work and dreaming even more dreams for the spreading of our message of Christian love. We wish for all our friends here in Congo and at home a new year richly blessed by the presence of God and concern for the things of His Kingdom.

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

* * *

We had a very pleasant surprise at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of January. A message came thru that Jeannette Tuttle and three children had arrived by plane from Lisbon, and were at the airport. A hearty welcome back Jeannette, Ruth, Dean and Louise-Anne and a happy term of service. We know the happiest one of us all is Dr. Tuttle.

* * *

We are waiting for our colleagues who are somewhere enroute. We hope they, as well as those waiting in the homeland, will soon be able to get passage. A warm welcome awaits you all from both black and white.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom R.N.
Rev. E. R. Abbott

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Miss Alice Jorgenson R.N.
Miss Eva Shepard

TONDO

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Miss Florence P. Russell (B.M.S.)
Dr. and Mrs. Brebner Smith (B.M.S.)
Rev. and Mrs. Newbery (B.M.S.)

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins
Rev. Phyllis Benner

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Miss Gertrude Anderson

VANGA

Miss Dorothy Wiseman R.N.
Dr. A. C. Osterholm
Miss Doris Wiseman
Rev. and Mrs. C. Jump

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

SONA BATA

Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger
Miss Muriel Jennings (B.M.S.)
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Mildred Tice R.N.
Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Rev. and Mrs .C. E. Smith
Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Rev. Ruth Dickey
Miss Agnes Anderson R.N.
Miss Emily Satterberg R.N.
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Robbins
Miss Annis Ford